Poetry
Skin
by Willa Schneberg
Skin

A black woman loans me her skin.  
It doesn’t fit like a bodystocking  
or wetsuit.  It becomes mine,  
sepia and smooth.

I notice a puncture  
on the left side of my torso.  
There is blood.  My thumb  
fits in the slit and finds muscle.

The Band-Aids are the wrong color  
and too small.

I must do something:  
smash the leg irons,  
shoot the master,  
cut down the lynching tree.

Now the woman is in the hallway  
wearying her skin.  She says,  
don’t worry yourself, you  
got your own: inked numbers,  
yellow star

always there;  
this wound  
is mine.